VENUS AND ADONIS.

Vilia miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castaliâ plena ministret aquâ.

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To the right Honourable, HENRY WRIOTHESLY Earle of SOUTHAMPTON and Baron of TICHFIELD.

Right Honourable,

I *Know not how I ſhall offend in Dedicating my unpoliſht lines to your Lordſhip, nor how the World will cenſure me for chooſing ſo ſtrong a prop to ſupport ſo weak a burthen: only if your Honour ſeem but pleaſed, I account my ſelf highly praiſ'd, &*

vow to take advantage of all idl
hours, till I have honoured yo
with ſome graver labour. But i
the firſt heir of my invention prov
deformed, I ſhall be ſorry it had ſ
noble a God-father, and never af
ter ear ſo barren a Land for fear i
yield me ſtill ſo bad a harveſt.
leave it to your honourable ſurvey
and your Honour to your heart
content; which I wiſh may alway
anſwer your own wiſh, and th
Worlds hopeful expectation.

Your Honours in all duty,

WILL. SHAKESPEARE

VENUS AND ADONIS.

EVen as the Sun with purple coloured face,
Had ta'n his laſt leave of the weeping morn,
Roſe-checkt *Adonis* hied him to the chaſe:
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laught to ſcorn:
Sick-thoughted *Venus* makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-fac'd ſuter 'gins to woo him.

Thrice fairer than my ſelf (thus ſhe began)
The fields chief flower, ſweet above compare,
Stain to all Nymphs, more lovely than a man.
More white and red than Doves or Roſes are:
Nature that made thee with her ſelf at ſtrife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

Vouchſafe, thou wonder, to alight thy Steed,
And rein his proud head to the ſaddle bow.
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed,
A thouſand hony ſecrets ſhalt thou know:
Here come and ſit, where Serpents never hiſſes,
And being ſet, I'le ſmother thee with kiſſes.

And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd ſatiety,
But rather famiſh them amid their plenty,
Making them red and pale with freſh variety:
Ten kiſſes ſhort as one, one long as twenty.
A Summers day will ſeem an hour but ſhort,
Being waſted in ſuch time-beguiling ſport.

With this, ſhe ſeizeth on his ſweating palm,
The Preſident of pith and livelihood,
And trembling in her paſſion calls it balm,
Earths ſovereign ſalve to do a Goddeſs good:
Being ſo enrag'd, deſire doth lend her force,
Couragiouſly to pluck him from his horſe.

Over one arm the luſty Courſers rein,
Under the other was the tender Boy,
Who bluſht and pow'd in a dull diſdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy,
She red and hot, as coals of glowing fire:
He red for ſhame, but froſty in deſire.

The ſtudded bridle on a ragged bough,
Nimbly ſhe faſtens, (O how quick is love!)
The Steed is ſtalled up, and even now
To tye the Rider ſhe begins to prove:
Backward ſhe puſht him, as ſhe would be thruſt,
And govern'd him in ſtrength, though not in luſt.

So

So ſoon was ſhe along, as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips.
Now doth ſhe ſtroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And 'gins to chide, but ſoon ſhe ſtops his lips.
And kiſſing ſpeaks, with luſtful language broken
If thou wilt chide, thy lips ſhall never open.

He burns with baſhful ſhame, ſhe with her tears
Doth quench the maiden-burning of his cheeks:
Then with her windy ſighs, and golden hairs,
To fan and blow them dry again ſhe ſeeks.
He ſays ſhe is immodeſt, blames her miſs,
What follows more, ſhe ſmothers with a kiſs.

Even as an empty Eagle ſharp by faſt,
Tires with her beak on feathers, fleſh and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haſte,
Till either gorge be ſtuft, or prey be gone:
Even ſo ſhe kiſt his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where ſhe ends, ſhe doth anew begin.

Forc't to content, but never to obey,
Panting he lies, and breathing in her face:
She feedeth on the ſteam, as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moiſture, air of grace,
Wiſhing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dew'd with ſuch diſtilling ſhowers.

Look how a Bird lies tangled in a Net,
So faſtned in her arms *Adonis* lies:
Pure ſhame and aw'd reſiſtance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes.
Rain added to a River that is rank,
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still ſhe intreats, and prettily intreats:
For to a pretty ear ſhe tunes her tale:
Still he is ſullen, ſtill he lowres and frets,
Twixt crimſon ſhame, and anger aſhie pale;
Being red ſhe loves him beſt, and being white,
Her breaſt is bettered with a more delight.

Look how he can, ſhe cannot chuſe but love,
And by her fair immortal hand ſhe ſwears,
From his ſoft boſom never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending tears,
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet,
And one ſweet kiſs ſhall pay this countleſs debt.

Upon this promiſe did he raiſe his chin,
Like a Dive-dapper peering through a wave,
Who being lookt on, ducks as quickly in:
So offers he to give what ſhe did crave,
But when his lips were ready for his pay,
He winks and turns his lips another way.

Never

Never did paſſenger in Summers heat
More thirſt for drink, then ſhe for this good turn,
Her help ſhe ſees, but help ſhe cannot get,
She bathes in water, yet in fire muſt burn:
Oh pitty gan ſhe cry, flint-hearted boy,
'Tis but a kiſs I beg, why art thou coy?

I have been woo'd, as I intreat thee now,
Even by the ſtern and direful God of War,
Whoſe ſinowy neck in battel ne're did bow,
Who conquers where he comes in every jar:
Yet hath he been my captive and my ſlave,
And beg'd for that which thou unaskt ſhalt have.

Over my Altars hath he hung his Launce,
His battred Shield, his uncontrolled Creſt,
And for my ſake hath learn'd to ſport and dance,
To coy, to wanton, dally, ſmile and jeſt,
Scorning his churliſh Drum, and Enſign red,
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

Thus he that over-rul'd, I over-ſwai'd,
Leading him priſoner in a red Roſe chain:
Strong tempred ſteel, his ſtronger ſtrength obey'd,
Yet was he ſervile to my coy diſdain.
Oh be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For maſtring her that foil'd the God of Fight.

Touch

Touch but my lips with thoſe fair lips of thine,
(Though mine be not ſo fair, yet are they red)
The kiſs ſhall be thine own as well as mine.
What ſeeſt thou in the ground? hold up thy head:
Look in mine eye-balls where thy beauty lies,
Then why not lips on lips, ſince eyes on eyes?

Art thou aſham'd to kiſs? then wink again,
And I will wink, ſo ſhall the day ſeem night,
Love keeps his revels where there be but twain:
Be bold to play, our ſport is not in ſight.
Theſe blew-vein'd Violets whereon we lean
Never can blab, nor know they what we mean.

The tender Spring, upon thy tempting lip,
Shews thee unripe; yet may'ſt thou well be taſted:
Make uſe of time, let not advantage ſlip,
Beauty within it ſelf would not be waſted.
Fair flowers that are not gathered in their prime,
Rot and conſume themſelves in little time.

Were I hard-favoured, foul, or wrinkled old,
Ill-natur'd, crooked, churliſh, harſh in voice,
Ore-worn, deſpiſed, rheumatick and cold,
Thick-ſighted, barren, lean, and lacking juyce,
Then might'ſt thou pauſe, for then I were not for thee:
But having no defects why doſt abhor me? Thou

Thou canſt not ſee one wrinkle in my brow,
Mine eyes are gray, and bright, and quick in turning:
My beauty as the ſpring doth yearly grow,
My fleſh as ſoft and plump, my marrow burning:
My ſmooth moiſt hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palm diſſolve, or ſeem to melt.

Bid me diſcourſe, I will enchant thine ear,
Or like a Fairie, trip upon the green,
Or like a Nymph, with long diſhevel'd hair,
Dance on the ſands, and yet no footing ſeen.
Love is a ſpirit all compact of Fire,
Not groſs to ſink, but light, and will aſpire.

Witneſs this primroſe bank whereon I lye,
The forceleſs flowers like ſturdy trees ſupport me:
Two ſtrengthleſs Doves wil draw me through the sky
From morn till night, even where I liſt to ſport me.
Is love ſo light, ſweet Boy, and may it be
That thou ſhouldſt think it heavy unto thee.

Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
Can thy right hand ſeize love upon thy left?
Then wooe thy ſelf, be of thy ſelf rejected,
Steal thine own freedom, and complain of theft.
Narciſſus ſo himſelf, himſelf forſook,
And dyed to kiſs his ſhadow in the Brook.

Torche's

Torches are made to light, Jewels to wear,
Dainties to taſte, freſh beauty for the uſe,
Herbs for their ſmell, and ſappy Plants to bear:
Things growing to themſelves are growths abuſe.
Seeds ſpring from ſeeds, & beauty breedeth beauty,
Thou wert begot, to get it is thy duty.

Upon the Earths increaſe why ſhouldſt thou feed,
Unleſs the earth with thy increaſe be fed?
By Law of Nature thou art bound to breed.
That thine may live, when thou thy ſelf art dead:
And ſo in ſpight of death thou doſt ſurvive,
In that thy likeneſs ſtill is left alive.

By this, the Love-ſick Queen began to ſwear,
For where they lay, the ſhadow had forſook them,
And *Titan* tyred in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them,
Wiſhing *Adonis* had his team to guide,
So he were like him and by *Venus* ſide.

And now *Adonis* with a lazy ſpright,
And with a heavy dark diſliking eye,
His lowring brows o'rewhelming his fair ſight,
Like miſty vapours, when they blot the ſky,
Sowring his cheeks, cryes he, no more of love,
The Sun doth burn my face, I muſt remove.

Ah

Ah me (quoth *Venus*) young and ſo unkind?
What bare excuſes mak'ſt thou to be gone?
I'le ſigh celeſtial breath, whoſe gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this deſcending Sun.
I'le make a ſhadow for thee of my hairs,
If they burn too, I'le quench them with my tears.

The Sun that ſhines from heaven ſhines but warm,
And lo, I lie between the Sun and thee:
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me.
And were I not immortal life were done,
Between this heavenly and earthly Sun.

Art thou obdurate flinty, hard as ſteel?
Nay more than flint, for ſtone at rain relenteth,
Art thou a womans ſon, and canſt not feel,
What 'tis to love, how want of love tormenteth?
O had thy mother born ſo bad a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but dyed unkind.

What am I, that thou ſhould'ſt contemn me this?
Or what great danger dwels upon my ſute?
What were thy lips the worſe for one poor kiſs?
Speak Fair: but ſpeak fair words or elſe be mute.
Give me one kiſs, I'le give it thee again,
And one for int'reſt, if thou wilt have twain.

Fie,

Fie, lifeleſs picture, cold and ſenſeleſs ſtone,
Well painted Idol, Image dull and dead,
Statue contenting but the eye alone:
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred,
Thou art no man though of a mans complexion,
For men will kiſs even by their own direction.

This ſaid, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And ſwelling paſſion doth provoke a pauſe,
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong,
Being judge in love, ſhe cannot right her cauſe;
And now ſhe weeps, and now ſhe fain would ſpeak
And now her ſobs do her intendments break.

Sometimes ſhe ſhakes her head, and then his hand;
Now gazeth ſhe on him, now on the ground:
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band;
She would, he will not in her arms be bound:
And when from thence he ſtruggles to be gone,
She locks her Lilly fingers one in one.

Fondling, ſaith ſhe, ſince I have hemm'd thee here,
Within the circuit of this Ivory pale,
I'le be the Park, and thou ſhalt be my Deer,
Feed where thou wilt on mountain or in dale;
Graze on my lips, and if thoſe hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleaſant fountains lie.

Within

Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom graſs, and high delightful plain,
Round riſing hillocks, brakes, obſcure and rough,
To ſhelter thee from tempeſt and from rain:
Then be my Deer, ſince I am ſuch a Park,
No Dog ſhall rouz thee, though a thouſand bark.

At this *Adonis* ſmiles as in diſdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple,
Love made thoſe hollows: if himſelf were ſlain,
He might be buried in a tomb ſo ſimple:
Fore-knowing well if there he came to lie,
Why there Love liv'd, and there he could not die.

Theſe loving caves, theſe round inchanting pits,
Opened their mouths to ſwallow *Venus* liking:
Being mad before, how doth ſhe now for wits?
Strook dead at firſt, what needs a ſecond ſtriking?
Poor Queen of Love in thine own law forlorn,
To love a cheek that ſmiles at thee with ſcorn!

Now which way ſhall ſhe turn? what ſhall ſhe ſay?
Her words are done, her woes the more increaſing:
The time is ſpent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms, doth urge releaſing:
Pitty ſhe cryes, ſome favour, ſome remorſe:
Away he ſprings, and haſteth to his horſe:

But

But loe, from forth a Copp's that neighbours by,
A breeding Jennet, lusty, young, and proud,
Adonis trampling courser doth espy,
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud:
The strong neckt Steed being tyed unto a tree
Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds:
And now his woven girts he breaks asunder,
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heavens thunder:
The Iron bit he crushes 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up prickt his braided hanging mane
Upon his compast Crest now stands an end:
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a Furnace vapours doth he lend,
His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
Shews his hot courage, and his high desire.

Sometimes he trots as if he told the steps,
With gentle Majesty, and modest pride,
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps;
As who should say, loe, thus my strength is tride,
And thus I do to captivate the eye,
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

What

What recketh he his Riders angry ſtur,
His flatt'ring Holla, or his Stand, I ſay?
What cares he now for curb, or pricking ſpur,
For rich capariſons, or trappings gay?
He ſees his Love, and nothing elſe he ſees:
For nothing elſe with his proud ſight agrees.

Look when a Painter would ſurpaſs the life,
In limning out a well proportion'd Steed,
His Art, with Natures workmanſhip at ſtrife,
As if the dead the living ſhould exceed:
So did his horſe excell a common one,
In ſhape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round hooſt, ſhort joynted, fetlocks ſhag and long,
Broad breſt, full eyes, ſmall head, and noſtril wide,
High creſt, ſhort ears, ſtrait legs, and paſſing ſtrong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look what a horſe ſhould have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on ſo proud a back.

Sometimes he ſcuds far off, and there he ſtares;
Anon he ſtarts at ſtirring of a Feather:
To bid the wind abaſe he now prepares,
And where he run, or flie, they know not whether,
For through his mane & tail the high wind ſings,
Fanning the hairs, who have like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her:
She answers him, as if she knew his mind:
Being proud, as Females are, to see him woe her,
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind,
Spurnes at his love, scorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy male-content,
He vails his tail: that, like a falling plume,
Cool shadow to his melting buttocks lent,
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume:
His love perceiving how he is inrag'd,
Grew kinder, and his fury was asswag'd.

His teasty Master goes about to take him,
When lo, the unbackt breeder, full of fear,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left *Adonis* there;
As they were mad, unto the Wood they hie them.
Out-stripping Crows that strive to over-flie them.

All swolne with chafing, down *Adonis* sits,
Banning his boystrous and unruly Beast:
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick *Love*, by pleading may be blest.
For Lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong,
When it is bar'd the aidance of the tongue.

An

An Oven that is ſtopt, or River ſtaid,
Burneth more hotly, ſwelleth with more rage:
So of concealed ſorrow may be ſaid;
Free vent of words loves fire doth aſſwage:
But when the hearts Attorney once is mute,
The Client breaks, as deſperate in his ſute.

He ſees her comming, and begins to glow,
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow,
Looks on the dull earth with diſturbed mind;
Taking no notice that ſhe is ſo nigh,
For all aſcance he holds her in his eye.

O what a ſight it was wiſtly to view,
How ſhe came ſtealing to the wayward Boy,
To note the fighting conflict of her hiew,
How white and red each other did deſtroy:
But now her cheek was pale, and by and by
It flaſht forth fire, as lightning from the ſky.

Now was ſhe juſt before him as he ſat,
And like a lowly lover down ſhe kneels,
With one fair hand ſhe heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheeks feels:
His tender cheeks receive her ſoft hands print,
As apt as new-fallen ſnow takes any dint.

Oh what a war of looks was then between them?
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing,
His eyes saw her eyes, as they had not seen them,
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing:
And all this dumb play had his acts made plain,
With tears which *Chorus* like, her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A Lilly prison'd in a Jayl of Snow,
Or Ivory in an Alablaster band,
So white a friend ingirts so white a foe:
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
Shew'd like to silver Doves that sit a billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began:
O fairest mover on this mortal round,
Would thou were as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound:
For one sweet look my help I would assure thee,
Though nothing but my bodys bane would cure (thee.
Give me my hand (saith he) why dost thou feel it?
Give me my heart (saith she) and thou shalt have it.
O give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it;
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it:
Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
Because *Adonis* heart hath made mine hard.

For

For ſhame he crys let go, and let me go,
My days delight is paſt, my horſe is gone,
And 'tis your fault I am bereft him ſo,
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone.
For all my mind, my thought, my buſie care,
Is how to get my Palfrey from the Mare.

Thus ſhe replies: thy Palfrey as he ſhould,
Welcomes the warm approach of ſweet deſire:
Affection is a cole that muſt be coold;
Elſe, ſuffered, it will ſet the heart on fire.
The ſea hath bounds, but deep deſire hath none,
Therefore no marvel though thy horſe be gone.

How like a Jade he ſtood, ty'd to a tree,
Servilely maſtred with a leathern rein?
But when he ſaw his love, his youths fair fee,
He held ſuch perry bondage in diſdain,
Throwing the baſe thong from his bending creſt,
Enfranchiſing his mouth, his back, his breaſt.

Who ſees his true love in her naked bed,
Teaching the ſheets a whiter hiew than whire,
But when his glutton eye ſo full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight:
Who is ſo faint, that dare not be ſo bold,
To touch the fire, the Weather being cold?

Let me excuſe thy Courſer, gentle Boy,
And learn of him I heartily beſeech thee,
To take advantage on preſented joy,
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee.
O learn to love, the leſſon is but plain,
And once made perfect, never loſt again.

I know not love (quoth he) nor will I know it,
Unleſs it be a Boar, and then I chaſe it.
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it,
My love to love, is love but to diſgrace it;
For I have heard it is a life in death,
That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.

Who wears a garment ſhapeleſs and unfiniſht?
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?
If ſpringing things be any jot diminiſht,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth:
The Colt that's backt, and burthen'd being young
Loſeth his pride, and never waxeth ſtrong.

You hurt my hand with wringing: let us part,
And leave this idle theme, this bootleſs chat,
Remove your ſiege from my unyielding heart,
To loves alarm it will not ope the gate.
Diſmiſs your vows, your fained tears, your flat-try;
For where a heart is hard, they make no batt'ry.

What

What, canſt thou talk (quoth ſhe) haſt thou a tong,
O would thou had'ſt not, or I had no hearing,
Thy Mermaids voice hath done me double wrong:
I had my load before, now preſt with bearing,
Melodious diſcord, heavenly tune harſh ſounding,
Earths deep ſweet muſick, and hearts deep ſore
(wounding.
Had I no eyes but ears, my ears would love
That inward beauty, and inviſible:
Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
Each part in me that were but ſenſible.
Though neither eyes nor ears to hear nor ſee,
Yet ſhould I be in love, by touching thee.

Say that the ſenſe of reaſon were bereft me,
And that I could not ſee, nor hear, nor touch,
And nothing but the very ſmell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be ſtill as much,
For from the Stillatory of thy face excelling, (ling,
Comes breath perfum'd, that breedeth love by ſmel-

But oh, what banquet were thou to the taſt,
Being nurſe and feeder of the other four?
Would they not wiſh the feaſt ſhould ever laſt,
And bid ſuſpition double lock the door;
Leſt jealouſie that ſowr unwelcome gueſt,
Should by his ſtealing in diſturb the feaſt.

Once more the ruby-colour'd Portal open'd,
Which to his ſpeech did honey paſſage yield:
Like a red morn that ever yet betoken'd,
Wrack to the Sea-men, tempeſt to the field,
Sorrow to Shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Guſt and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

This ill preſage adviſedly ſhe marketh,
Even as the wind is huſht before it raineth,
Or as the Wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the Berry breakes before it ſtaineth:
Or like the deadly bullet of a Gun,
His meaning ſtroke her ere his words begun.

And at his look ſhe flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth:
A ſmile recures the wounding of a frown,
But bleſſed bankrupt, that by love ſo thriveth:
The ſilly boy believing ſhe is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red.

And in amaze brake off his late intent,
For ſharply he did think to reprehend her:
Which cunning love did wittily prevent,
Fair fall the wit that can ſo well defend her:
For on the graſs ſhe lies as ſhe were ſlain,
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,
He chafes her lips, a thousand ways he seeks
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd;
He kisses her, and she, by her good will,
Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day,
Her two blew windows faintly she up heaveth:
Like the fair Sun, when in his fresh array,
He cheers the morn, and all the world relieveth:
And as the bright Sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumin'd with her eye.

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fixt,
As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine:
Were never four such Lamps together mixt,
Had not his clouded, with his brows repine: (light,
But hers, which through the Crystal tears gave
Shone like the Moon in water seen by night,

O where am I (quoth she) in earth or heaven,
Or in the Ocean drencht, or in the fire?
What hour is this, or morn, or weary even?
Do I delight to die, or life desire?
But now I liv'd, and life was deaths annoy:
But now I dy'd, and death was lively joy.

O thou didſt kill me, kill me once again,
Thy eyes, ſhrew'd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them ſcornful tricks, and ſuch diſdain,
That they have murdred this poor heart of mine:
And theſe mine eyes, true leaders to their Queen,
But for thy pitious lips no more had ſeen.

Long may they kiſs each other for this cure:
Oh never let their crimſon liveries wear,
And as they laſt, their verdure ſtill endure,
To drive infection from the dangerous year;
That the Star-gazers having writ on death,
May ſay, the plague is baniſht by thy breath.

Pure lips, ſweet ſeals, in my ſoft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make ſtill to be ſealing?
To ſell my ſelf I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and uſe good dealing:
Which purchaſe if thou make, for fear of ſlips,
Set thy ſeal manual on my wax-red lips.

A thouſand kiſſes buyes my heart from me,
And pay them at thy leaſure one by one.
What is ten hundred kiſſes unto thee?
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?
Say for non-payment that the debt ſhould double
Is twenty hundred kiſſes ſuch a trouble?

Fair Queen (quoth he) if any love you owe me,
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years,
Before I know my self, seek not to know me:
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears,
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or being early pluckt, is sowr to taste.

Look, the worlds comforter, with weary gate,
His days hot task hath ended in the West,
The Owle (nights Herald) shreeks, 'tis very late,
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest.
The cole-black clouds that shadow heavens light,
Doe summon us to part, and bid good night.

Now let me say good night, and so say you:
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.
Good night (quoth she) and ere he says adieu,
The honey fee of parting tendred is;
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet imbrace,
Incorporate then they seem, face grows to face.

Till breathless he disjoyn'd, and backward drew
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
Whereon they surfet, yet complain on drouth,
He with her plenty perst, she faint with dearth,
Their lips together glew'd fall to the earth.

Now

Now quick deſire hath caught her yeilding prey,
And glutton-like ſhe feeds, yet never filleth,
Her lips are conquerours, his lips obey,
Paying what ranſom the inſulter willeth.
Whoſe vultur thought doth pitch the priſe ſo hie,
That ſhe will draw his lips rich treaſure dry.

And having felt the ſweetneſs of the ſpoil,
With blind-fold fury ſhe begins to forrage,
Her face doth reek and ſmoak, her bloud doth boyl,
And careleſs luſt ſtirs up a deſperate courage:
Planting oblivion, beating reaſon back.
Forgetting ſhames pure bluſh, and honours wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much handling
Or as the fleet-foot Roe, that's tir'd with chaſing,
Or like the froward Infant ſtilld with dandling.
He now obeys, and now no more reſiſteth,
While ſhe takes all ſhe can, not all ſhe liſteth.

What wax ſo frozen but diſſolves with tempring,
And yeilds at laſt to every light impreſſion?
Things out of hope are compaſt oft with ventring,
Chiefly in love, whoſe leave exceeds commiſſion:
Affection faints not like a pale fac'd coward (ward.
But then woos beſt, when moſt his choice is fro-
When

When he did frown, O had ſhe then gave over
Such Nectar from his lips ſhe had not ſuckt :
Foul words and frowns muſt not repel a Lover ;
What though the Roſe have pricks ? yet it is pluckt.
Were beauty under twenty locks kept faſt,
Yet love breaks through, & picks them all at laſt.

For pitty now ſhe can no more detain him ;
The poor fool prays her that he may depart :
She is reſolv'd no longer to reſtrain him ;
Bids him farewel, and look well to her heart,
The which by *Cupids* bow ſhe doth proteſt,
He carries thence ingaged in his breſt.

Sweet boy, ſhe ſays, this night I'le waſte in ſorrow,
For my ſick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
Tell me, loves maſter, ſhall we meet to morrow ?
Say, ſhall we, ſhall we, wilt thou make the match ?
He tels her no, to morrow he intends
To hunt the Boar with certain of his friends.

The Boar (quoth ſhe) Whereat a ſudden pale,
Like lawn being ſpread upon the bluſhing Roſe,
Uſurps her cheeks, ſhe trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms ſhe throws.
She ſinketh down, ſtill hanging on his neck,
He on her belly falls, ſhe on her back.

Now

Now is she in the very lists of love,
Her Champion mounted for the hot encounter:
All is imaginary she doth prove,
He will not manage her although he mount her:
That worse than *Tantalus* is her annoy,
To clip *Elysium*, and to lack her joy.

Even as poor Birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes,
Do surfet by the eye, and pine the maw;
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,
As those poor birds, that helpless berries saw;
The warm effects which she in him finds missing,
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain; good Queen, it will not be,
She hath assaid as much as may be prov'd,
Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee:
She's love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd,
Fie, fie, he says, you crush me, let me go,
You have no reason to withhold me so.

Thou hadst been gone (quoth she) sweet boy, e'r this,
But that thou told'st me thou would'st hunt the Boar.
O be advis'd, thou know'st not what it is,
With Javelins point a churlish swine to gore,
Whose tushes never sheath'd, he whetteth still,
Like to a mortal Butcher bent to kill.

On

On his bow-back he hath a battle ſet,
Of briſtly pikes, that ever threat his foes,
His eyes, like Glow-worms, ſhine when he doth fret,
His ſnout digs ſepulchres, where e're he goes:
Being mov'd, he ſtrikes what e're is in his way:
And whom he ſtrikes, his crooked tuſhes ſlay.

His brawny ſides with hairy briſtles armed,
Are better proof then thy ſpears point can enter,
His ſhort thick neck cannot be eaſily harmed,
Being ireful on the Lyon he will venter:
The thorny brambles, and embracing buſhes,
As fearful of him, part, through whom he ruſhes.

Alas, he nought eſteems that face of thine,
To which Loves eye pays tributary gazes,
Nor thy ſoft hand, ſweet lips, and chryſtal eyne,
Whoſe full perfection all the world amazes;
But having thee at vantage (wondrous dread!)
Would root theſe beauties as he roots the mead.

O let him keep his loathſome cabin ſtill:
Beauty hath nought to doe with ſuch foul fiends.
Come not within his danger by thy will,
They that thrive well take counſell of their friends.
When thou didſt name the Boare, not to diſſemble,
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joynts did tremble.

Didſt

Didſt thou not mark my face? was it not white?
Sawſt thou not ſigns of fear lurk in mine eye?
Grew I not faint? And fell I not down right?
Within my boſom, whereon thou doſt lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no reſt,
But like an earth-quake ſhakes thee on my breſt.

For where love reigns, diſturbing jealouſie
Doth call himſelf affections Centinel,
Gives falſe alarmes, ſuggeſteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, Kill, Kill,
Diſtempring gentle love with his deſire,
As air and water doth abate the fire.

This ſowre informer, this bate-breeding ſpie,
This canker that eats up loves tender ſpring,
This carry-tale, diſſenſions jealouſie,
That ſometime true news, ſometime falſe doth bring,
Knocks at my heart, and whiſpers in mine ear,
That if I love thee, I thy death ſhould fear:

And more than ſo, preſenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry chafing Boare,
Under whoſe ſharp fangs, on his back doth lie
An image like thy ſelf, all ſtain'd with gore,
Whoſe blood upon the freſh flowers being ſhed,
Doth make them drop with grief, & hang the head

What

What ſhould I do? ſeeing thee ſo indeed,
That trembling at th' imagination,
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And fear doth teach it divination;
I propheſie thy death, my living ſorrow,
If thou encounter with the Boar to morrow.

But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me;
Uncouple at the timerous flying Hare,
Or at the Fox which lives by ſubtilty;
Or at the Roe which no encounter dare:
Purſue theſe fearful creatures o're the downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horſe keep with thy hounds.

And when thou haſt on foot the purblind Hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overſhut his troubles,
How he out-runs the wind, and with what care,
He cranks and croſſes with a thouſand doubles:
The many muſits through the which he goes,
Are like a labyrinth t' amaze his foes.

Sometime he runs among the flock of Sheep,
To make the cunning hounds miſtake their ſmell,
And ſometime where earth-delving Conies keep,
To ſtop the loud purſuers in their yell,
And ſometime forteth with a herd of Deer.
Danger deviſeth ſhifts, wit waits on fear.

For there his ſmell with others being mingled,
The hot ſcent-ſnuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceaſing their clamorous cry till they have ſingled
With much adoe the cold fault cleanly out.
Then do they ſpend their mouths, eccho replies
As if another chaſe were in the skies.

By this, poor *Wat* far off upon a hill
Stands on his hinder legs with liſtning eare,
To hearken if his foes purſue him ſtill:
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear.
And now his grief may be compared well
To one ſore ſick, that hears the paſſing bell.

Then ſhalt thou ſee the dew-bedabled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way:
Each envious brier his weary legs doth ſcratch,
Each ſhadow makes him ſtop, each murmur ſtay.
For miſery is trodden on by many:
And being low, never releiv'd by any:

Lie quietly, and hear a little more,
Nay do not ſtruggle, for thou ſhalt not riſe,
To make thee hate the hunting of the Boar,
Unlike my ſelf, thou hear'ſt me moralize,
Applying this to that, and ſo to ſo;
For love can comment upon every woe.

Where

Where did I leave? No matter where (quoth he)
Leave me, and then the ſtory aptly ends:
The night is ſpent. Why, what of that (quoth ſhe?)
I am (quoth he) expected of my friends.
And now 'tis dark, and going I ſhall fall:
In night (quoth ſhe) deſire ſees beſt of all.

But if thou fall, oh, then imagine this,
The earth in love with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiſs.
Rich preys make rich men thieves: ſo do thy lips
Make modeſt *Diana* cloudy and forlorn,
Leſt ſhe ſhould ſteal a kiſs and die forſworn.

Now of this dark night I perceive the reaſon,
Cynthia for ſhame obſcures her ſilver ſhine,
Till forging *Nature* be condemn'd of treaſon,
For ſtealing moulds from heaven that were divine,
Wherein ſhe fram'd thee in hie heavens deſpite,
To ſhame the Sun by day, and her by night.

And therefore hath ſhe brib'd the Deſtinies,
To croſs the curious workmanſhip of nature,
To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure deſeature,
Making it ſubject to the tyranny
Of ſad miſchances and much miſery.

As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poiſoning peſtilence, and frenzies wood,
The marrow eating ſickneſs, whoſe attaint
Diſorder breeds by heating of the blood:
Surfets, impoſtumes, grief, and damn'd deſpair,
Swear natures death for framing thee ſo fair.

And not the leaſt of all theſe maladies,
But in one minutes ſight brings beauty under:
Both favour, ſavour, hiew and qualities,
Whereat th'imperial gazer late did wonder,
Are on the ſudden waſted, thaw'd and done,
As mountain ſnow melts with the mid-day Sun.

Therefore, deſpight of fruitleſs chaſtity,
Love-lacking *Veſtals*, and ſelf-loving *Nuns*,
That on the earth would breed a ſcarcity,
And barren dearth of daughters and of ſons,
Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night,
Dries up his oyl, to lend the world his light.

What is thy body, but a ſwallowing Grave,
Seeming to bury that poſterity,
Which by the rights of time thou needs muſt have,
If thou deſtroy them not in their obſcurity?
If ſo, the world will hold thee in diſdain,
Sith in thy pride ſo fair a hope is ſlain.

So

So in thy ſelf thy ſelf art made away,
A miſchief worſe than civil home-bred ſtrife,
Or theirs whoſe deſperate hands themſelves do ſlay,
Or Butchers Sire, that reaves his ſon of life.
Foul cankering ruſt the hidden treaſure frets:
But Gold that's put to uſe more Gold begets.

Nay then, quoth *Adon*, you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled Theam,
The kiſs I gave you is beſtow'd in vain,
And all in vain you ſtrive againſt the ſtream.
For by this black-fac'd night, deſires foul nurſe,
Your treatiſe makes me like you worſe and worſe.

If love hath lent you twenty thouſand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton Mermaids ſongs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown.
For know, my heart ſtands armed in my ear,
And will not let a falſe ſound enter there:

Leſt the deceiving harmony ſhould run
Into the quiet cloſure of my breſt,
And then my little heart were quite undone,
In his bed-chamber to be bar'd of reſt:
No Lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,
But ſoundly ſleeps, while now it ſleeps alone.

What have you urg'd that I cannot reprove?
The path is smooth that leadeth unto danger,
I hate not love, but your device in love,
That lends embracements unto every stranger.
You do it for increase: O strange excuse!
When reason is the Bawd to lusts abuse.

Call it not love, for love to heaven is fled,
Since sweating lust on earth usurps his name;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed,
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant stains, and soon bereaves,
As Caterpillers do the tender leaves.

Love comforteth like Sun-shine after rain:
But lusts effect is tempest after Sun.
Loves gentle spring doth always fresh remain:
Lusts Winter comes, ere Summer half be done.
Love surfets not: lust like a glutton dies.
Love is all truth: lust full of forged lies.

More I could tell, but more I dare not say;
The Text is old, the Orator too green;
Therefore in sadness now I will away,
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen;
Mine ears that to your wanton calls attended,
Do burn themselves for having so offended.

With

With this he breaketh from the ſweet embrace
Of thoſe fair arms which bound him to her breaſt.
And homeward through the dark lanes runs apace!
Leaves love upon her back deeply diſtreſt.
Look how a bright ſtar ſhooteth from the ſky,
So glides he in the night from *Venus* eye.

Which after him ſhe darts, as one on ſhore,
Gazing upon a late embarked friend,
Till the wild waves will have him ſeen no more,
Whoſe ridges with the meeting clouds contend:
So did the mercileſs and pitchie night,
Fold in the object that did feed her ſight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware
Hath dropt a precious Jewel in the flood,
Or ſtonisht as night-wanderers often are,
Their light blown out in ſome miſtruſtful wood:
Even ſo confounded in the dark ſhe lay,
Having loſt the fair diſcovery of her way.

And now ſhe beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour-caves as ſeeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans:
Paſſion, on paſſion, deeply is redoubled:
Ay me, ſhe cryes, and twenty times woe, woe,
And twenty eechoes twenty times cry ſo.

She marking them, begins a wailing note.
And ſings extemp'rally a woſull ditty,
How love makes young men thrall, and old men dote,
How love is wiſe in folly, fooliſh witty:
Her heavy anthem ſtill concludes in woe,
And ſtill the Quire of Eccheos anſwers ſo.

Her ſong was tedious, and out-wore the night,
For lovers hours are long, though ſeeming ſhort:
It pleas'd themſelves, others they think delight
In ſuch like circumſtance, with ſuch like ſport.
Their copious Stories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath ſhe to ſpend the night withal
But idle ſounds, reſembling Paraſites,
Like ſhrill-tongu'd Tapſters anſwering every call,
Soothing the humor of fantaſtick wits?
She ſaid, 'tis ſo: they anſwer all, 'tis ſo:
And would ſay after her, if ſhe ſaid no.

Lo here the gentle Lark, weary of reſt,
From his moiſt cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whoſe ſilver breaſt
The Sun ariſeth in his Majeſty:
Who doth the world ſo gloriouſly behold,
The Cedar tops and hills ſeem burniſht gold.

Venus

Venus ſalutes him with this fair good morrow.
O thou clear God, and Patron of all light,
From whom each lamp and ſhining ſtar doth borrow
The beautious influence that makes him bright,
There lives a ſon, that ſuckt an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou doſt lend to other.

This ſaid, ſhe haſteth to a Mirtle grove,
Muſing the morning is ſo much ore-worn,
And yet ſhe hears no tydings of her love,
She hearkens for his hounds, and for his horn:
Anon ſhe hears them chaunt it luſtily,
And all in haſte ſhe coaſteth to the cry.

And as ſhe runs, the buſhes in the way,
Some catch her by the neck, ſome kiſs her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her ſtay,
She wildly breaketh from their ſtrict embrace,
Like a milch Doe, whoſe ſwelling dugs do ake,
Haſting to feed her fawn hid in ſome brake.

By this ſhe hears the Hounds are at a bay,
Whereat ſhe ſtarts, like one that ſpies an Adder,
Wreath'd up in fatal folds juſt in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him ſhake & ſhudder:
Even ſo the timerous yelping of the Hounds,
Appals her ſenſes, and her ſpirit confounds.

For

For now ſhe knows it is no gentle chaſe,
But the blunt Boar, rough Bear, or Lion proud:
Becauſe the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:
Finding their enemy to be ſo curſt,
They all ſtrain curt'ſie who ſhall cope him firſt.

This diſmal cry rings ſadly in her eare,
Through which it enters to ſurprize her heart:
Who overcome by doubt and bloodleſs fear,
With cold pale weakneſs nums each feeling part:
Like Soldiers when their Captain once doth yield,
They baſely fly, and dare not ſtay the field.

Thus ſtands ſhe in a trembling extaſie,
'Till cheering up her ſenſes ſore diſmaid,
She tells them 'tis a cauſeleſs fantaſie,
And childiſh error that they are afraid,
Bids them leave quaking, will's them fear no more:
And with that word ſhe ſpide the hunted Boar;

Whoſe frothy mouth bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A ſecond fear through all her ſinews ſpred,
Which madly hurries her ſhe knows not whither:
This way ſhe runs, and now ſhe will no further,
But back retires to rate the Boar for murder.

A thouſand ſpleens bear her a thouſand ways,
She treads the paths that ſhe untreads again,
Her more then haſte is marred with delays,
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,
Full of reſpect, yet nought at all reſpecting;
In hand with all things, nought at all affecting.

Here kennel'd in a brake ſhe finds an hound,
And asks the weary Caitiff for his Maſter,
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainſt venom'd ſores the only ſoveraign plaiſter,
And here ſhe meets another ſadly icolding,
To whom ſhe ſpeaks, and he replys with howling.

When he had ceaſt his ill reſounding noyſe,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner black and grim,
Againſt the Welkin vollies out his voice,
Another and another anſwer him,
Clapping their proud tayls to the ground below,
Shaking their ſcratcht ears, bleeding as they go.

Look how the worlds poor people are amazed
At apparitions, ſigns, and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gazed,
Infuſing them with dreadful prophecies,
So ſhe, at theſe ſad ſigns, draws up her breath,
And, ſighing it again, exclaims on death.

Hard-

Hard-favoured Tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of Love (thus chides ſhe Death)
Grim-grinning Ghoſt, earths worm, what doſt thou mean,
To ſtifle beauty, and to ſteal his breath?
Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty ſet
Gloſs on the Roſe, ſmell to the Violet.

If he be dead, O no; it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou ſhouldſt ſtrike at it.
O yes, it may: thou haſt no eyes to ſee,
But hatefully at random doſt thou hit.
Thy mark is feeble age; but thy falſe dart
Miſtakes that aim, and cleaves an Infants heart.

Hadſt thou but bid beware, then he had ſpoke,
And hearing him, thy power had loſt his power:
The deſtinies will curſe thee for this ſtroke,
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluckeſt a flower:
Loves golden arrow at him ſhould have fled,
And not Deaths Ebon Dart to ſtrike him dead.

Doſt thou drink tears, that thou provok'ſt ſuch weeping?
What may a heavy groan advantage thee?
Why haſt thou caſt into eternal ſleeping
Thoſe eyes that taught all other eyes to ſee?
Now nature cares not for thy mortal vigor,
Since her beſt work is ruin'd with thy rigour.

Here

Here overcome, as one full of deſpair,
She veil'd her eye-lids, who like ſluces ſtopt
The cryſtal tide, that from her two cheeks fair,
In the ſweet channel of her boſome dropt. (rain,
But through the ſloud-gates breaks the ſilver
And with his ſtrong courſe opens them again,

O how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
Her eyes ſeen in her tears, tears in her eye,
Both cryſtals, where they view'd each others ſorrow,
Sorrow, that friendly ſighs ſought ſtill to dry:
But like a ſtormy day, now wind, now rain,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable paſſions throng her conſtant woe,
As ſtriving which ſhould beſt become her grief.
All entertain'd, each paſſion labours ſo,
That every preſent ſorrow ſeemeth chief:
But none is beſt, then joyn they altogether,
Like many clouds conſulting for foul weather.

By this, far off, ſhe hears ſome Huntſman hollow:
A Nurſes ſong ne're pleas'd her babe ſo well:
The dire imagination, ſhe did follow,
This ſound of hope doth labour to expell:
For now reviving joy bids her rejoyce,
And flatters her, it is *Adonis* voice.

Whereat

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being priſon'd in her eye, like pearls in glaſs:
Yet ſometime falls an orient drop beſide,
Which her cheek melts? as ſcorning it ſhould paſs
To waſh the foul face of the ſluttiſh ground,
Who is but drunken when ſhe ſeemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how ſtrange it ſeems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
Thy weal and woe, are both of them extreams,
Deſpair and hope make thee ridiculous:
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
With likely thoughts, the other kills thee quickly.

Now ſhe unweavs the web that ſhe had wrought,
Adonis lives; and death is not to blame:
It was not ſhe that call'd him all to nought,
Now ſhe adds honor to his hateful name,
She cleeps him King of Graves, and Grave for Kings.
Imperial ſupreme of all mortal things.

No, no (quoth ſhe) ſweet death I did but jeſt;
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear,
When as I met the Boar, that bloody beaſt,
Which knows no pity, but is ſtill ſevere:
Then gentle ſhadow (truth I muſt confeſs)
I raild on thee fearing my loves deceaſe.

'Tis

'Tis not my fault: the Boar provok't my tongue,
Be wreak't on him (invisible commander)
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong,
I did but act, he's author of thy slander.
Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet
Could rule them both without ten womens wit.

Thus hoping that *Adonis* is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate:
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With death she humbly doth insinuate;
Tells him of Trophies, Statues, Tombs, & Stories.
His Victories, his Triumphs, and his Glories.

O *Jove*, quoth she, how much a fool was I,
To be of such a weak and silly mind,
To wail his death, who lives, and must not dye,
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!
For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And beauty dead, black Chaos comes again.

Fie fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear,
As one with treasure laden, hem'd with thieves:
Trifles (unwitnessed with eye or ear)
Thy coward heart, with false bethinking grieves:
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As

As Faulcon to the lure, away ſhe flies:
The graſs ſtoops not, ſhe treads on it ſo light,
And in her haſte unfortunately ſpies
The foul Boars conqueſt on her fair delight.
Which ſeen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
Like Stars, aſham'd of day, themſelves withdrew.

Or, as the Snail, whoſe tender horns being hit
Shrinks backward in his ſhelly cave with pain,
And there, all ſmother'd up, in ſhade doth ſit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again:
So, at his bloody view her eyes are fled,
Into the deep dark cabins of her head.

Where they reſign'd their office and their light,
To the diſpoſing of her troubled brain:
Who bids them ſtill conſort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again,
Who like a King perplexed in his Throne,
By their ſuggeſtions gives a deadly grone,

Whereat each tributary Subject quakes,
As when the wind impriſoned in the ground,
Struggling for paſſage, earths foundation ſhakes,
Which with cold terrors doth mens minds confound.
This mutiny each part doth ſo ſurpriſe,
That from their dark beds, once more, leap her eyes

And

And, being opened, threw unwilling ſight
Upon the wide wound that the Boar had trencht
In his ſoft flank: whoſe wonted Lilly white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drencht
No flower was nigh, no graſs, herb, leaf or weed,
But ſtole his blood, and ſeem'd with him to bleed.

This ſolemn ſympathy poor *Venus* noteth,
Over one ſhoulder doth ſhe hang her head,
Dumbly ſhe paſſions, frantickly ſhe doteth,
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead:
Her voice is ſtopt, her joynts forget to bow,
Her eyes are mad, that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt ſhe looks ſo ſtedfaſtly,
That her ſight dazling, makes the wound ſeem three,
And then ſhe reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gaſhes where no breach ſhould be:
His face ſeems twain, each ſeveral limb is doubled,
For oft the eye miſtakes, the brain being troubled.

My tongue cannot expreſs my grief for one;
And yet (quoth ſhe) behold two *Adons* dead:
My ſighs are blown away, my ſalt tears gone;
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead,
Heavy hearts lead melt at mine eyes as fire:
So ſhall I die by drops of hot deſire.

Alas, poor world, what treaſure haſt thou loſt?
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Whoſe tongue is muſick now? what canſt thou boaſt
Of things long ſince, or any thing enſuing?
The flowers are ſweet, their colours freſh & trim:
But true ſweet beauty liv'd and di'd in him.

Bonnet or veile, henceforth no creature wear;
Nor Sun nor Wind will ever ſtrive to kiſs you:
Having no fair to loſe, you need not fear;
The Sun doth ſcorn you, & the Wind doth hiſs you:
But when *Adonis* liv'd, Sun and ſharp air
Lurkt like two thieves, to rob him of his fair.

And therefore would he put his Bonnet on,
Under whoſe brim the gawdy Sun would peep;
The wind would blow it off, and being gone,
Play with his locks, then would *Adonis* weep:
And ſtraight in pitty of his tender years, (tears.
They both would ſtrive who firſt ſhould dry his

To ſee his face, the Lyon walks along
Behind ſome hedge, becauſe he would not fear him:
To recreate himſelf when he hath ſung,
The Tygre would be tame, and gently hear him:
If he had ſpoke, the Wolf would leave his prey,
And never fright the ſilly Lamb that day.

When

When he beheld his ſhadow in a Brook,
There fiſhes ſpred on it their golden gills:
When he was by, the Birds ſuch pleaſure took,
That ſome would ſing, ſome other in their bills
Would bring him Mulberries,& ripe red Cherries:
He fed them with his ſight,they him with Berries.

But this foul, grim, and urchin ſnouted Boar,
Whoſe downward eye ſtill looketh for a grave,
Ne're ſaw the beautious livery that he wore;
Witneſs the entertainment that he gave:
If he did ſee his face, why then I know,
He thought to kiſs him, and hath kil'd him ſo.

'Tis true, true, true, thus was *Adonis* ſlain,
He ran upon the Boar with his ſharp Spear,
Who would not whet his teeth at him again,
But, by a kiſs, thought to perſwade him there:
And, nouſling in his flank, the loving Swine,
Sheath'd, unaware, his tusk in his ſoft gróine.

Had I been tooth'd like him, I muſt confeſs,
With kiſſing him, I ſhould have kil'd him firſt,
But he is dead, and never did he bleſs
My mouth with his; the more I am accurſt;
With this ſhe falleth in the place ſhe ſtood,
And ſtains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whiſpers in his ear a heavy tale,
As if he heard the woful words ſhe told:
She lifts the coffer lids that cloſe his eyes,
Where loe, two lamps, burnt out, in darkneſs lies.

Two glaſſes, where her ſelf her ſelf beheld
A thouſand times, and now, no more reflect,
Their vertue loſt, wherein they late excel'd,
And every beauty rob'd of his effect:
Wonder of time (quoth ſhe) this is my ſpight,
That, you being dead, the day ſhould yet be light.

Since thou art dead, loe here I propheſie,
Sorrow on love hereafter ſhall attend:
It ſhall be waited on with jealouſie,
Find ſweet beginning, but unſavoury end,
Ne're ſetled equally, too high, or low;
That all loves pleaſures ſhall not match his woe.

It ſhall be fickle, falſe, and full of fraud,
And ſhall be blaſted in a breathing while,
The bottom poiſon, and the top ore-ſtraw'd
With ſweets, that ſhall the ſharpeſt ſight beguile.
The ſtrongeſt body ſhall it make moſt weak,
Strike the wiſe dumb, and teach the fool to ſpeak.

It

It ſhall be ſparing, and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the meaſures;
The ſtaring Ruffian ſhall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, inrich the poor with treaſures,
It ſhall be raging mad, and ſilly mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

It ſhall ſuſpect, where is no cauſe of fear;
It ſhall not fear, where it ſhould moſt miſtruſt;
It ſhall be merciful, and too ſevere,
And moſt deceiving, when it ſeems moſt juſt:
Perverſe it ſhall be, when it ſeems moſt toward,
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

It ſhall be cauſe of war, and dire events,
And ſet diſſention 'twixt the Son and Sire,
Subject and ſervile to all diſcontents,
As dry combuſtuous matter is to fire:
Sith in his prime, death doth my love deſtroy,
They that love beſt, their love ſhall not enjoy.

By this, the Boy that by her ſide lay kill'd,
Was melted like a vapour from her ſight,
And in his blood that on the ground lay ſpil'd,
A purple flower ſprung up checker'd with white,
Reſembling well his pale cheeks and the blood
Which in round drops upon their whiteneſs ſtood.

She

She bows her head, the new-ſprung flower to ſmell,
Comparing it to her *Adonis* breath:
And ſays, within her boſom it ſhall dwell,
Since he himſelf is reft from her by death:
She crops the ſtalk, and in the breach appears
Green dropping ſap, which ſhe compares to tears.

Poor flower (quoth ſhe) this was thy fathers guiſe,
(Sweet iſſue of a more ſweet ſmelling Sire)
For every little grief to wet his eyes,
To grow unto himſelf was his deſire,
And ſo 'tis thine: but know, it is as good
To wither in my breſt, as in his blood.

Here was thy fathers bed, here is my breſt,
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right:
Loe, in this hollow Cradle take thy reſt,
My throbbing heart ſhall rock thee day and night
There ſhall not be one minute of an hour,
Wherein I will not kiſs my ſweet Loves flower.

Thus weary of the world, away ſhe hies,
And yokes her ſilver Doves, by whoſe ſwift aid
Their Miſtreſs mounted, through the empty skies
In her light Chariot quickly is convey'd,
Holding their courſe to *Paphos*, where their Queen
Means to immure her ſelf, and not be ſeen.

FINIS.